

INVALIDS THESE WOMEN WERE

NOW THEY STAND ON THEIR HEADS, RIDE BARRECK.

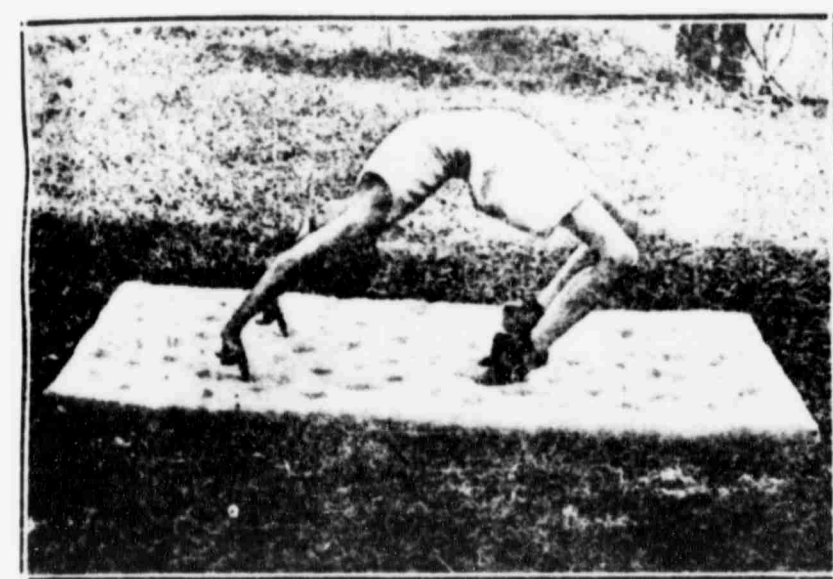
Play Tennis, Go Walking, Swim and Tire out at Athletic Exercises the Men Who Visit Them at Weekends. Part of the Cure at the Muldoon's for Women.

Three gray-haired women solemnly spat out the floor. Then all three began to turn somersaults the entire length of the room. Reversing the action they next did backward flips to the starting point. Finally, the astonished eyes of the spectator as these elderly women dropped to the floor and carefully balancing themselves, gracefully arose, poised upon their three feet.

The place was a gymnasium, and the women were costumed accordingly, but even these outward and visible harmonies could hardly soften the shock of surprise at seeing the three gray-haired women who ought to be in a nursing home, performing such feats of gymnastic prowess.

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The scene was the gymnasium of a Madison Avenue woman recently established. Here feminine invalids of all ages without school teachers, excepted social workers, matrons who have been too much disciplined at the hands of their cooks, in short, every grade of woman in need of repairs, resorted to the gymnasium.



FEAT OF THE STAR PATIENT.

The same style of treatment which Muldoon gives the tired business man, the course of instruction is self-control, gymnastics, and exercises that give the nervous system an electric shock, but also, for the purpose of building up the system, swimming, tennis, and other outdoor sports.

Probably the most interesting case on file is that of a woman who was an invalid. When she came she was in such condition that riding over on the gymnasium horse left her exhausted that she spent the next three days in bed. Before she finished her course she won a \$500 bet with her husband by standing on her head on the back of a horse barrel in the riding ring.

And after all, the husband made a kick about paying the bet, the specialist in corrective exercises said: "Look what I can do with a horse, for she certainly earned that \$500."

Although this is the most spectacular recovery some of the other cases are worthy of mention. One of the gymnasium group, a middle-aged woman, who stood upon her head or her hands, had gone there suffering from curvature of the spine. Another patient, now so improved as to be ready for work again, had a nervous system so deranged that she could not be sure of walking across a room or of conveying food to her mouth at meal times.

No matter how ill the patients may look when they first arrive a few weeks' treatment is sufficient to destroy all the outward aspects of invalidism. One afternoon three or four of these students of the gymnasium were riding handspins, harnessed to a horse and drove over to the railroad station to meet a visitor. While waiting for the train a typical old farmer staggered towards them.

"Say, he you folks from over to A?" he asked, giving the name of the physical culture expert.

The four responded that they were. "Well, if you ain't the kindest folks, lot of thanks I ever saw!" he exclaimed.

This description certainly fits the patients for no matter how slow muscles may be in developing every one has a fine set of tan within a few days. Possibly the treatment is a little less strenuous than the treatment in the masculine resort, but the energy of the average citizen who has never imagined himself a candidate for a sanatorium.

Breakfast comes at a civilized hour, about 10 and there are no elaborate rules of diet. One of the patients with a very weak digestion was advised to abstain from pork and pastry, but in general the rules are just what the average man would like before setting out on a good day's work. There is no required exercise before breakfast, although the patients are so isolated with activity that they frequently arise voluntarily early in the morning to put in a few stunts by themselves.

At 1 o'clock the patients assemble in the gymnasium, where each person is put through such exercises as the specialist has prescribed for her ailment. Needless to say the three gray-haired women didn't start their training by standing on their heads or walking on their hands. In fact the patients are frequently such physical wrecks that it is weeks after their arrival before they are able to stand on their feet. It is hardly necessary to add that the person on the end of the rope really doesn't face so badly after all.

Some time during the day when not riding, swimming or doing their gymnastic exercises the patients find time to play tennis, walk, drive and otherwise amuse themselves, but the most novel part of the cure is the weekend custom. Now, any graduate of a sanatorium knows that although on week days the inmates



GRAY HAIRIED WOMEN WHO STAND ON THEIR HEADS.

two hours, and when the patients have had time to recover there is work before them in the riding ring. The mere fact that a woman has never been on a horse before is not accepted as an excuse. All the more reason that she should now learn, she is informed. For her benefit the horse with the least ostentatious backbone is brought forth, saddled Mexican fashion

frequently sit around and discuss their ailments. Sundays are almost wholly devoted to relating to a sympathetic audience how perfectly miserable they feel.

This is entirely reversed at this establishment. If the patients don't find time to discuss symptoms during the week they have still less chance on Sundays, for although most of the regular patients are women not a few New Yorkers whose business requires their presence in the city during the summer shift their bathing suits and tennis rackets into their suit cases and for themselves to this near Muldoon's on Saturday afternoons.

From the moment of their arrival the men begin work at tennis, riding, swimming or whatever happens to be going on at the time. The principle of their activity might well be to take up such a whirl of exercise over week ends that the hustling of the ordinary work days in the city is a mere nothing in comparison.

On these occasions the invalids of the farm arouse themselves and put the visitors through such a course of sports that the man who hasn't visited a physician for years is very likely to call on an osteopath immediately on his return to the city. Recently a famous university athlete came down over Sunday as one of the week enders.

He straightway hit the water, turning forward and backward somersaults and taking fancy dives in a manner befitting his reputation. He canceled his playing the local tennis champions of their feet, in fact the invalids were almost beaten on their own ground till it was suggested that the athlete join the circus in the riding ring.

Now it so happened that about the only thing that this track man couldn't do was ride. But he was game and started off bravely. After the first hurdle, though, the unexpected happened. The athlete suddenly left his seat by way of the animal's nose. Although all the patients



ROLLING OVER AND OVER ONE OF THE EXERCISES.

to be a timid soul, expressing her sentiments in a wailing cry and gasps. "Roll the small horse warranted," "I have to look at all," "I have been through it all many times before, and if there ever was a horse with a sense of humor it is Rex."

It seems to take delight in sudden plunges, sliding about at full speed, only to stop abruptly while the wheeled rider is slipping the pommel as a drowning person would a life preserver. Rex never seems to feel that he has done his duty unless he has reduced the beginner to a quiver.

"I used to wonder," gasped a beginner after her first tryout, "why in novels the hero was always thrown over his horse's head. Now, though, I realize it is the natural way of leaving."

Even more interesting than putting the newcomers through their paces in the ring are the afternoon when the professional performers are called upon to do stunts. Then there is riding and jumping without saddle or bridle, vaulting onto a horse and back from the ground and other tricks generally confined to the circus. Just as soon as the beginner can stick on the back of a horse she is taken off with the parties on the daily cross-country rides.

When it comes to swimming the patient has a rope tied under her arms and is summoned to the float. Very likely some one remarks thoughtfully that the water on the end of this is about twenty feet deep. Then the patient is told to jump off.

"What! into all that, miles above my head?" exclaims the beginner indignantly. "Well, I guess not."

Disruption the insurgent is informed of the choice before her. She may either jump off like a lady or be thrown, but into the water she must go. If the particular victim happens to be philosophically minded she probably jumps without any further ado, but very few women needing to seek health and pursue it are given to logical reasoning, so a first swimming lesson provides excellent amusement for the old hands. It is hardly necessary to add that the person on the end of the rope really doesn't face so badly after all.

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AMERICAN WOMEN WHO PARADED FOR THE CAUSE OF SUFFRAGE IN LONDON.

Good Management a Feature of the Procession The Cause of the Suffragists Now Taken Seriously by the Street Crowd. No Gossiping, as in the Past.



Photo by Trans Atlantic Co. N. Y.

SIX HUNDRED WOMEN IN THE PARADE WERE DRESSED IN WHITE, WHICH SHOWED THAT THEY HAD BEEN IN PRISON FOR THE SUFFRAGIST CAUSE.

LONDON, Aug. 4. The woman suffrage societies have had two great parades in London this summer. The second was far and away larger and certainly more spectacular than the one in June. It was in two divisions. One mobilized in the Holland Park district and another downtown or what New Yorkers would call downtown on the Embankment.

The management of the two gigantic processions was perfect. There was no hitch anywhere. The various divisions started punctually at the time advertised and after several miles of march arrived punctually in Hyde Park, where from forty platforms the leaders of the votes for women cause argued in favor of the resolution of the day demanding that Parliament shall grant further time for discussion of the constitutional bill, which was adjourned the other day after its second reading.

A SUN reporter who went to see the procession and to see the American women who were taking part in it walked along the streets with the procession for some distance. He was impressed with the fact that the crowds that packed the sidewalks took the women marchers seriously. No longer, as in former days, were they gazed at the hard-faced shabby men along the curb attracted by the music of the bands did not, as they used to, hurl supposedly facetious comments at the serious women who marched to the tune of the band. The women heard no taunts as they did for years before they succeeded in impressing London with the seriousness of their cause.

When they first began parading the streets they were used to hearing admonitory remarks in choice Cockney such as "Why d'you go on and march the way?" Then the gutter with took to shouting "My eye, Bill. There she goes, same old at. Same old at." Others cried "Votes for women? Who'll do the washing?"

The SUN man on Saturday heard none of these familiar gibes. Even the London loafers now take the women suffragists seriously.

DOG WITH A RAILROAD PASS

RONIE A PET OF LONG ISLAND TRAINMEN AND TRAVELERS.

For Ten Years He Has Been Traveling to and Fro on the Road. The Pass Issued by the President. He Has the Usual Habit. Ronie is a Knowing Dog.

There is a dog on Long Island that nobody owns and that does not want any one to own him. At the same time he probably has more friends than any other dog in the United States, and he is beloved to be the only dog in the world that owns a railroad pass. His name is Ronie, and upon his collar is a brass plate with an inscription which sets forth that he is an employee of the Long Island Railroad and which commands all conductors to "pass Ronie between stations."

It is said that this pass was issued to Ronie by order of the president of the road because a brakeman had tried three times to kick Ronie off the president's private car. When the president and his party inquired into the cause of the trouble between the dog and the brakeman they soon learned the dog's history, and not only was the dog made welcome to a seat in the private car at once but the pass was issued to prevent any further



RONIE.

interference with Ronie's peregrinations. Ronie's occupation in life is railroad traveling. How he came to take his first ride and whom he belonged to before that time are both disputed points. Ronie himself is silent on the subject, although he can express his opinion of men and things very clearly and can make his wants known.

Curiously enough Ronie will never make a return journey with the same train crew. After he has spent a day or so with one of his acquaintances along the road, perhaps a station master or a signal tower operator or a switchman or the postmaster or the hotel keeper, he will suddenly take a notion to go down to the station and meet a certain train. As soon as his train comes along Ronie jumps on board and appropriates any vacant seat he can find. If he cannot find a vacant seat he will curl himself up on the floor and doze quietly until he arrives at his destination. The moment his station is called he will jump up and get to the front platform ready to make off.

After a visit of what he considers the proper length he quietly boards another train and proceeds to some other station. It is considered lucky to have a visit from Ronie. Sometimes he goes back in the direction from which he came, sometimes he goes further along the road. He has been at every stop on the road from Montauk Point to Flatbush avenue hundreds of times during the last ten years.

The drummer, who knew Ronie by sight and reputation, motioned to the seat beside himself, and upon Ronie's accepting the invitation the drummer covered him up with the tail of his overcoat, an attention which Ronie acknowledged by sundry wags of the tail as he dozed off. Ever since that day Ronie has made it a point to be the traveling companion of that particular drummer whenever their ways lie together.

Of course it was said that the drummer took advantage of his fellow citizens who are not officers of the road by giving Ronie sundry dinners and drinks, but these reports are probably due to jealousy, as many have tried to win his friendship with catables and fables. Besides, Ronie can get all he wants to eat and drink at any town on Long Island.

Sometimes a stranger after listening to Ronie's history will imagine that he must constantly be changing his place of residence on account of the scarcity of food, and will tell one of the servants of the hotel to give him something to eat, emphasizing the request with a tip. Not to be well from long experience, just what has passed between the two, and he will hunt that servant with the tenacity of a process server until he gets the meal which has been paid for.

A waiter in a certain hotel thought this story about Ronie's knowing so much was all a bluff, and to test the matter he determined to keep the tip and let the dog

go hungry until he got tired and went away. Imagine the waiter's astonishment when a railroad man who was eating at the hotel asked him right out before all the other guests if he did not owe that dog something to eat.

Bred, Ross replied the waiter, "I don't know nothing about that dog." "Yes, you do," returned the railroad man. "Some one gave you a quarter to feed that dog, and he marks his money's worth. Didn't they, Ronie?" he added, turning to the dog, who at once confirmed the statement by wagging his tail.

"Not me, Ross," continued the waiter boldly. "Must have been some other waiter that got that tip."

"Who is to feed you, Ronie?" demanded the railroad man, turning to the dog. "Attention of the whole dining room being now centered upon the three."

Ronie instantly rubbed himself against the legs of the waiter, as if to say, "You have it right. This is the man, and the waiter then laughingly owned up.

Ronie seldom or never barks and he avoids trouble of all kinds. He has a will of his own and is not slow about asserting it. Nothing will induce him to leave a train until he has arrived at the station at which it pleases him to descend. It is useless to call to him or to try to coax him off.

When a photographer wanted to get Ronie's picture he was told that it would be impossible to get the dog to get into the spotlight until he had arrived at his destination and that he would have to watch closely for his opportunity then, as Ronie would probably disappear like a flash if he happened to see the man he was going to visit. As luck would have it the drummer already mentioned was on board and offered to get Ronie off the platform at the next station, as he was sure Ronie was going to end his journey with him that day.

Accordingly at the next station out stepped the drummer, sure that Ronie would follow him, but the dog never budged and ignored all the calls and whistles and the drummer, the conductor, the brakeman and the train butcher boy, so the effort to get his picture was given up and the train pulled out again.

Before the next station was reached the conductor had an idea and he suggested to the drummer that Ronie might have seen through the bluff as the drummer's bag was left in the rack when he went out, and he proposed that they try it again at the next stop, the drummer to take his bag down and go out with it, without taking the slightest notice of the dog.

The trick worked to perfection, for the moment the train whistled for the station and the drummer reached for his bag Ronie jumped off the seat and shook himself. When the man with the bag reached the platform and started across the grass plot the photographer was ready with the camera and secured the picture, the duplicates of which were at once ordered by the whole train crew, the station master, the telegraph operator, the mail carrier and the conductor.

But when the drummer started to mount the train again as the conductor called all aboard, the look of mingled disgust and astonishment that came into that dog's face was unrepeatable. Nevertheless, he boarded the train again and finished his journey with the drummer, but steadily refused to have anything to do with the man with the camera.

at her. "I say, Wot would yer do if yer of man come home Saturday night with 'is wages a couple of bob short?"

Even the orator whose husband happens to be a very wealthy man laughed at the suggestion. There is no doubt that London nowadays takes the campaign for votes for women with dignity.

One beautifully dressed woman was explaining from a stand how women and men would get along better if women had the vote. A man in the crowd shouted

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